



Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2008 with funding from Microsoft Corporation



## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

## The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York

Date	of	earliest	known	eaition	(800)	•	•	•	•	1595
				(Bodley	.)					
Date	of	original	of this	Facsin	iile (tl	ie fir:	st 4	to)	•	1600
			(B.M	1., C 12.	h. 9.)					
Repro	odu	ced in 1	acsimil	le					•	1913

## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

CV01.1257

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

# The True Tragedy of Righard, Duke of York

1600

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

1250
1513

PR 2750 B16 (600a)

### The True Tragedy

of

## Richard, Duke of York

#### 1600

This facsimile is from a copy of the first quarto now in the British Museum. The original is a reprint of an 8vo edition which appeared in 1595, the title page of which, from the Bodley copy, will be given in one of the "Fragments" volumes of this series (see also Introduction to "Whole Contention" facsimile, also of this Series).

The history of stage production, and of publication, as well as attributions of authorship, are full of problematical interest. I can here only refer the student to the numerous "Society" and "personal" critical essays on the subject.

This reproduction from the original is pronounced to be, considering the indifferent state of the quarto, "distinctly good. All pages have been mounted up in a frame of paper which, in some cases, obliterates the title, and also causes a considerable amount of ridges in paper."

JOHN S. FARMER.





Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the fixt:

VVeh the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke: as it was fundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle 1405 of Pembrooke his seruantes.

George Steevers:

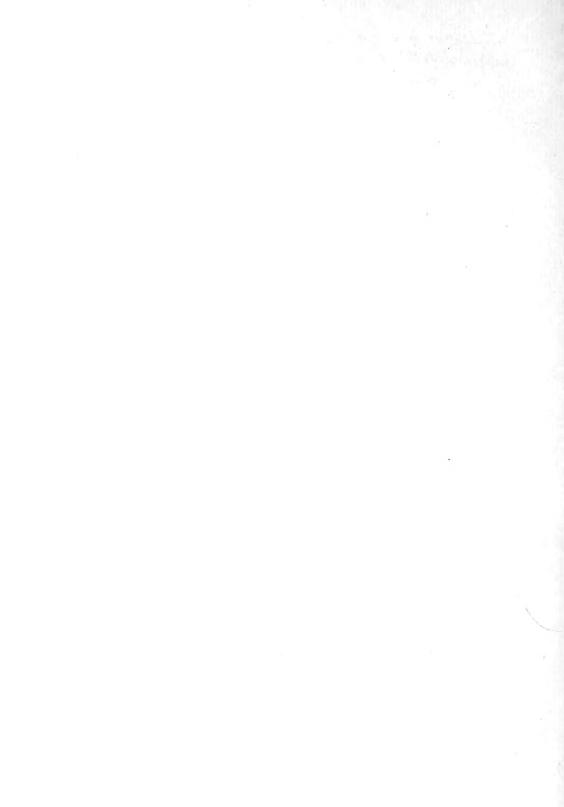


Printed at London by W.W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be fold at his shoppe under Saint Perers Church in Cornewalls.

1-600.









## THE TRVE TRAGEDIE

OF RICHARD DVKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING

HENRIE THE SIXT.

Enter Richarde Duke of Yorke, The Earle of Warwicke, The Duke of Norffolke, Marquis Montague, Edward Earle of March, Crookeback Richard, of the young Earle of Rutland, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Rises in their hattes.

Warwicke.

Wonder how the King escapt our handes?

Yorke. Whilst we pursued the Horsemen of the North,
He slily stole away, and lest his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine Battels front, and therewith him
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest

Brake in, & were by the hands of common Souldiers flaine.

Edw. Lord Staffords tather, Duke of Buckingham, Is either flaine, or wounded danderoufly;
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow;
Father that this is true, behold his bloud.

Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltshires blood,

Whom I incountred as the Battailes joynd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
York. What, is your grace dead my L. of Summer fer?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of Irbn of Gaunt.
Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape King Henries he a !.

War. And so do I victorious Prince of Yorke, Before I see thee seated in that throne, Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,

#### I ne I ragedie of Richard D. of

I vow by heavens these eiesshall never close.
This is the Pallace of that fearfull king,
And that the regall chaire; Possess it Yorkes
For this is thine, and not king Henries heires.

York. Afist me then sweet VVarwicks, and I will:

For hither are we broken in by force.

Norff. Weele all assist thee, and he that slies shall die. York. Thanks gentle Norffolks, State by me my Lords: and souldiers state you heere and lodge this night:

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Vnlesse he leeke to put vs out by force.

Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?

VVar. The bloudie parlement shall this be caldet

Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king,

And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise

Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Yor. Then leaueme not my Lords, for now I meane

To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best, The proudest bird that holds up Lancaster, Dares sure a wing, it Warwicke shake his best. Ile plant Plantagener: and roote him out who dares? Resolue thee Ruchard: Claime the English crowne.

Enter King Hemie the sixt, with the Duke of Excesser, The Earle of Northumberland, The Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats. King, Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits, Euen in the chaire of state t belike he meanes Backt by the power of Warwicke that salle peere, To aspire unto the crowne, and raigne as king. Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father:

And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd revenge, On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northu. And it I be not, heavens be revenged on the.

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourne in steele.

West. What shall we suffer this sleets pull him downe, My heart for auger breakes, I cannot speake.





#### Yorke, and Henric the fixt.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of West merland.

Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as lie,

He durst not sit there, had your father lived?

My gratious Lord: heere in the Parlement,

Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.

North. Well hast thou spoken cousen, be it so.

King. O know you not the Cittle sauours them,

And they have troopes of fouldiers at their becker Exet. But when the D. is flaine, theile quickly flie.

King. Farre be it from the thoughtes of Henries heart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of Exerer, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vie.
Thousactious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,

I am thy Soueraigne.

Tor. Thou are deceiu'd: I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee D. of Torke.

· Yor. Twas mine inheritance as the kingdom is.

Exet. Thy father was a traitour to the crowne.

War. Exeter thou art a traitour to the crowne,

In following this vsurping Henrie.

Cif. Whom should be sollowe but his naturall King? VVar. True Clif. and that is Richard duke of Yorke. King. And shall I stand while thou sits in my throne? Yor. Content thy selfe, it must, and shall be so. VVar. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be King. VVest. Why? he is both King and D. of Lancaster,

And that the Earle of Vvestmer land shall maintaine.

VVar. And VVarwicke shall disproue it. You forget That we are those that chaste you from the field, And slew your father, and with colours spred Marcht through the Cittle to the pallace gates.

Nor. No VV arwicke I remember it to my greife,
And by his foule, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagener, of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsinen, and thy friends, lle have more lives,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers varnes.

Cus. Vrge it no more, least in revenge thereof.

A 3.

I fend thee Warricke fuch a mellenger

I fend thee Warwicke fuch a messenger, As shall revenge his death before I stirre.

War. Poore Clifford how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.

Yor. Will ye we shewe our title to the Crowne,

Or els our swordes shall plead it in the field?

King. What title hast thou traitour to the Crowne?

Thy father was as thou art, Duke of Torke,

Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer Earle of March.

I am the sonne of Henrie the fist, who tamde the French, And made the Dolphin stoupe, and seazd upon their

Townes and prouinces.

War. Talke not of Fraunce fince thou hast lost it all.

King. The Lord protectour lost it and not I,
When I was crownd, I was but nine months olde,

Rich. You are old enough now & yet me thinkes you lose,

Father teare the Crowne from the Viurpers head.

Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'ft and honourst armes,

Lets fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpers, & the King will flie,

Nor. Peace thou, and give King Henrie leave to speake.
King. Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me?

Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineally discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be King,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my Kingly seate
Wherin my father and my grandsire sate?
No, first shall warre unpeople this my realme,
I, and our colours often borne in Fraunce,
And now in England to our heartes great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete: why faint you Lords?
My title's better farre then his.

War. Proue it Hearie, and thou shalt be King.
King. Why, Henrie the fourth by conquest got the crowne.
Tor. Twas by rebellion gainst his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what to say, my title's weake.

Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

DOM.





#### Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

War. What then?

King. Then am I lawfull King, for Richard
The second, in the view of many Lords,
Resignde the Crowne to Henerie the sourth,
Whose heire my father was, and I am his.

Tor. I tell thee he rose against him, being his Soneraigue,

And made him to refigne the Crowne perforce.

Thinke you that were prejudiciall to the Crowne?

Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne, But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.

King. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therfore pardon me.

King. All will result from me and turne to him.

Nor. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou layest, Thinke not king Henrie shall be thus deposide.

VVar. Deposed he shall be in despight of thee.
Nor. Tush Warwicke, thou are deceived? tis not thy
Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of Kent,

That makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Can fet the Duke vp in despight of me.

Clif King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.

May that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.

King. O Clifford, how thy words require my soule.

Yor. Henrie of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

War. Do right vnto this princely Duke of Torke,

Or I will fill the house with armed men, Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the Chaire of state where now he sits, Write vp his title with thy vsurping bloud,

King. O Warwicke, heare me speake, Let me but raigne in quiet whill! I liue.

Yor. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine heires, And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st. King. Conuaie the Souldiers hence, and then I will.

A 4

War.

#### The Tragedie of Richard D. of

UVar. Captaine, conduct them into Tuthili fields.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your Sonne?
UVar. What good is this for England and himfelfe?
Northum. Bale, fearefull, and despairing Henry.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfeand vs?
UVest. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.
Exit.
Clif. Nor I: Come, cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed.
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or live in peace abandond and despisse.
Exit.
Exet. They seeke revenge, 8cthersore will not yeeld my L.

Wing. Ah Exceter? Why should you figh my Lord?

King. Not for my selfe Lord Warwicke, but my Sonne,

Whom I vanaturally shall disinherite.

But be it as it may ! I heere intaile the Crowne

To thee and to thine heires, conditionally,
That heere thou take thine outh, to ceale these civill broiles.

And whilf I liue, to honour me as thy King & Soueraigne.

Tor. That oath I willingly take and will performe.

UVar. Long live King Henry: Plantagenet embrace him.

King. And long live thou and all thy forward fonnes.

Tor. Now Torke and Lancast er are reconcilde.

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Sound Trumpets.

Tor. My Lord Iletake my leaue, for ile to Wakefield
To my castell.

Exit Torke, and his sonnes.

War, And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers.

Exit.

Mont. And I to sea from whence I came.

Exit.

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, lie steale away. King. And so will I.

Queene. Nay staie, or esse I follow thee.

King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ilestaie.

Queene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man,

Thou hast undoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,

And





#### Yorke, and Henriethe fixt.

And given over rightes vnto the house of Yorke. Art thou, a King, and wilt be forst to yeelde? Had I been there the Souldiers should have tolk Me on their Launces poyntes, before I would have Graunted to their willes. The Duke is made Protector of the Land: Sterne Faulconbridge Commaundes the narrow Seas. And thinkst thou then To fleepe secure? I heere dinorce mee Henry From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke. The Northen Lordes that have fortworne thy colours, Will follow mine, if once they fee them spred, And spread they shall, voto thy deepe disgrace. Come Sonne, lets away, and leave them heere alone. King. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake. Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already, therfore be still. King. Gentle sonne Edward, wilt thou stay with me? Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. Exit. Prin. When I returne with victorie from the fielde, Ile see your Grace: till then, lle follow her. Exit. King. Poore Queene, her loue to me, & to the Prince her Makes her in furie thus forget her selfe. Reuenged may the be on that accurred Duke. Come cosen of Exeter, stay thou heere, For Clifford and those Northen Lordes be gone I feare towardes Wakefielde, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and cosen Montague, give me leave to speake.

Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

For. How now sonnes? what at a sarre amongst your selnes?

Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which concernes your selfe and vs; The Crowne of England sather.

York. The Crowne boy? Why Henries yet aliue,

And I have sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till his death.

B. Edw.

#### The Tragedie of Richard D.of

Eaw. But I would breake an hundred oathes to raigne one Rich. And if it please your grace to give me leave, (yeare, lie shew your grace the way to save your oath. And dispossesses king Henry from the Crowne.

Yor. I prethee Dick let me heare thy deuise.

Rich. Then thus my Lord An oath is of no mome

Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate:

Henrie is none, but doth vsurpe your right,

And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.

Then noble father resolve your selfer.

Then noble father resolue your selfes And once more chame the Growne,

Tor. I, saiest thou so boy? why then it shall be so,
I am resolved to win the crowne or die.
Edward, thou shalt to Edmond Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Nerfocke straight,
And bid the Duke to muster up his souldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presently.
And Richard, thou to London straight shalt poast,
And bid Richard New! Earle of Warwicke
To leave the Citte; and with his men of war,
To meet me at saint Albons, ten daies hence,
My selfe heere in Sandall castle will provide
Both men and money to furder our attempts.
Now what newes?

Euter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thow land men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,
Northumberland, and Westmerland, and others of the
House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakesield,
To besiedge you in your Castle heere,

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,
Yorke. A Gods name let them come. Coulen Montague poalt you hence; and boies, stay you with me.

Sir Iohn and Sir Hugh Mortimers mine vncles, Y'are welcome to Sendall in an happy houre, The armie of the Queene means to besiedge vs.





#### Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

Sir Iohn. She shal not need my Lord, weele meet her in the Yor. What with five thousand souldiers vncle? (field. Rich. I father, with five hundred for a need,

A woman's generall, what should you feare?

Yor. Indeed many brave battailes have I won

In Normandy, when as the enemic

Hath bin ten to one: and why should I now doubt Of the like successes I am resolu'd . Come lets go.

Eaw. Lets martch away, I heare their drums.

Excunt

Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of Rutland, and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leave the Cattle, And flie to Wakefield straight.

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O Tutor looke where bloody Clifford comes.
Cuf. Chaplin awaie, thy priesthood saues thy life,

As for the brat of that accurred Duke Whole father flew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least heauen

Revenge it on thy head : Oh faue his life.

Clif. Souldiers awaie, and drag him hence perforce:

Awaie with the villaine. Exit the Chaplin.

How now, what dead already? or is it feare that

Makes him close his eies? He open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent up Lion on the lambe, And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie. And so he turnes againe to rend his limbes in sunder:

Oh Cifford, kill me with thy fword, and

Not with fuch a cruell threatning looke. I am to meane a fubice for thy wrath,

Be thou revengd on men and let me live.

Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers blood, Hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter,

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe,

He is a mansand Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy Brethren heere, their liues and thine Were not reuenge sufficient for me.

Ra.

#### The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Or should I dig up thy forefathers graves, And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines, It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart. The fight of any of the house of Yorke, Is as a furie to torment my foule. Therfore till I roote out that curfed line, And leave not one on earth, He live in hell therfore. Rut. Olet me pray, before I take my death,

To thee I praie, sweet Cufford pittie me.

Clif. I such pittie as my rapiers point affoardes. Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But twas ere I was borne: Thou hast one some, for his sake pittie me, Least in renenge thereof, fith God is just, He be as milerablie flaine as I. Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies, And when I give occasion of offence, Then let me die, for now thou halt no cause,

Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore die. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet, And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my blade, Shallrust vpon my weapon, till thy blood Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both. Exit

Alarmes. Enter the Duke of Yorke solus. Yor. Ah Yorke, poast to thy Castle, faue thy life, The goale is lost; thou house of Lancaster, Thrice happie chaunce it is for thee and thine, That heaven abridged my daies, and calls me hence But God knowes what chaunce hath betide my sonnes. But this I know, they have demeand themselves, Likemen borne to renowne by life or death: Three times this daie came Richard to my fight, And cried, courrage Father: Victorie, or death. And twice so oft came Edward to my view. With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts, In blood of those whom he had flaughtered.





#### Yorke, and Henrie the fixt.

O harke, I heare the Drummes: No way to flie? Noe way to faue my life? And heere Istay: And here my life must end.

Enter the Queone, Clifford, Northumberland, and foldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
North. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.
Clif. I to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right payment, lent vnto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an euening at the noonetide pricke.

Tor. My ashes like the Pranix, may bring soorth A bird that will reuenge it on you all, And in that hope I call mine eies to heauen, Scorning what ere you can afflict me with: Why stay you Lords? what, multitudes and search

Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer: So Doues do pecke the Rauens pierfing tallents; So desperate thieues all hopelesse of their lives, Breath out invectives gainst the officers.

Torke. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke dice once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy tongue that flaundrest him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twife two for one
Queene. Holde valient Clifford, for a thousand causes,

I would prolong the traitours life a while. Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou Northumberland.

Nor. Hold Clifford, do not honour him to much,
To prickethy finger, thoughto wound his heart;
What valour were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his soote away?
Tis warres prise to take all advantages,

B 3.

#### The Tragedie of Richard D. of

And ten to one, is no impeach in Warres.

Fight, and take him. . if the section

Clif. I, I, so thrives the Woodcocke with the gin.

North. So doth the Cunnie struggle with the net.

York. So triumphes Theeves you their conquered booty,

So true men yeeld by robbers ouer-matcht.

North, What will your grace have done with him? Queen. Braue warriours, Clifford and Northumberland. Come make him stand upon this Moulehill here, ... That aymde at Mountaines with outlitretched arme. And parted but the shaddow with his hand. Was it you that reuelde in our Parliament, And made a preachment of your high descent? Where are your messe of Sonnes to backe you now? The wanton Edward, and the lustie George? Or where is that valiant Crookebacke prodegie? Dickey your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce, him is Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutenies? Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rusland? Looke Yorke; I dipt this Napkin in the blood That valiant Clifford with his Rapier poynt, Made issue from the boosome of thy Boy: And if thine eyes can water for his death, I give thee this, to dry thy cheekes withall. Alas poore Yorke, But that I hate thee much, I should lament thy miserable state: I prethee grieue, to make me merry, Yorket Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may fing and daunce. What?hath thy fierie hart so partcht thine entrailes, That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death? Thou wouldst be feede I fee to make me sport. Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne. A Crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him? So: hold you his hands while I do the it on. I, now lookes he like a King. This is he that tooke King Henries Chaire, And this is he was his adopted heire. 





Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath?

As I bethinke me, you should not be King,

Till our Henrie had shooke hands with death.

And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,

And robbe his temples of the Diadem

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.

Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne his head,

And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office, for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay, and lets heare the Orisons he makes.

York. She wolfe of France, but worse than wolues of France,
Whose tongue more poyson'd than the Adders tooth:

Whose tongue more poyson'd than the Adders tooth: How ill beleeming is it in thy fexe. To triumph like an Amazonian trull Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captinates? But that thy face is vizard like, vnchanging, Madeimpudent by vse of euill deedes: I would affay, proud Queene to make thee blush: To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de, Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamles, Thy father beares the tipe of King of Naples, Of both the Sisiles and Ierusalem, Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman. Hath that poore Monarch taught theeto infult? It needes not, or it bootes thee not proude Queene. Vnlesse the Adage must be verefide, That Beggers mounted, runnetheir horse to death. T is beautie, that oft makes women proud, But God he wots, thy share thereof is small. Tis gouernement, that makes them most admirde, The contrarie doth make thee wondred at. Tas vertue makes them seeme ine The want thereof makes thee abhominable. Thou art as opposite to eucry good As the Antipodes are vnto vs:

Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Oh Tygers hart, wrapt in a womans hide!

How coulds thou draine the life bloud of the childe, To bid the father wipe his eyes withall, Daw sales is a least And yet be seene to beare a womans face? Women'are milde, pictifull, and flexible, Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse. Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will; Would'st have me weepe? why so thou hast thy wish, For rageing windes blowes up a storme of teares, And when the rage alayes, the raine begins, These teares are my sweete Rutlands obsequies, And every drop, begges vengeance as it falles, On thee fell Cufford, and the falle French woman.

Worth. Beshrew me, but his passions mooue me so, As hardly can I checke mine eyes from teares.

Yorke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals Could not have toucht, would not have staind with bloods But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable, O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia. See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares, This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my-sweete Boy, And loe, with teares I wash the bloud away. Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of that: And if thou tell the heavie storie well, V pon my foule, the hearers will shead teares. I, eucn my foes will shed fast falling teares, And fay; Alas, it was a pirteous deed. Here, take the Crowne; and with the Crowne my curfle; And in thy need, such comfort come to thee, As now I reape at thy two cruell hands. Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the worlde, My foule to heaven, my bloud vpon your heads. North. Had he bin flaughterman to all my kin,

I could not chuse but weepe with him to see, How inlie anger gripes his hart.

Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland? Thinke but you the wrong he did vs all, And that will quickly drie your melting teares.

Clif. Thears for mine oath, thears for my fathers death.

Queen.





Quee. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.

Yor. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,

My foule flies foorth to meet with thee.

Quee. Off with his head and fet it on Yorke Gates,

So Yorke may ouerlooke the fowne of Yorke. Exeunt omness.

# Enter Edward and Richard, with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard sare?
Rich. I cannot toy vntill I be resolu'd,
Where our right valient father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselse,
As doth a Lion midst a hearde of neate,
So sled his Enemies our valient father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his Sonne.
Thre Sunnes appeare in the aire.

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne,

Dasell mine eies? or do I see three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Suns, not seperated by a racking But seuered in a pale cleere shining skie. (cloude: See, see, sthey ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse, As if they vowde some league inviolate: Now are they but one sampe, one light, one Sunne, In this the heavens doth figure some event.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the Sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed
May ioyne in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
lle beare vpon my Target, three faire shining Sunnes.
But what art thou that lookest so heauslie?

Mes. Oh one that was a wofull looker on, When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.

Edw. Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Mes. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,

And

And then pursude by Clifford and the Queene;
And many souldiers moe, who all at once
Let drive at him, and forst the Duke to yeeld:
And then they set him on a mouthill there,
And crownde the gratious Duken high dispight.
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse Queene perceiving he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of sweete young Rutland
By rough Clifford slaine; who weeping tooke it vp,
Then through his brest they thrust their blouddie swords,
Who like a Lambe fell at the butchers seete.
Then on the gates of Torke, they set his head,
And there it doth remaine, the pitcous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Torke, our proppe to leane vpon, Now thou are gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my foules pallace is become a prifon.
Oh would the breake from compasse of my breast.
For neuer shall I have more joy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture Sparte serves to quench my surnace burning heart. I cannot toy till this white rose be dide, Euen in the heart bloud of the house of Lancaster. Richard, I beare thy name, and He renenge thy death, Or die my selfe in seeking of renenge.

Edw. His name, that valient Duke hath left with thee, His chaire and Dukedome, that remaines for me.

Rich: Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy difent by gazeing gainst the Sunne.
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne, and kingdome saice
For either that is thine, or else thou were not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum; ancient, and Souldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes a-Rich. Ah gentle VV awicke, thould we but reporte,

The





The balefull newes, and at each wordes deliuerance, Stab poniardes in our flesh, till all were tould: The words would adde more anguish then the woundes. Ah valient lord, the Duke of Yorke is flaine.

Edw. Ah VVarwicke, VVar wicke, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee deare: even as his foules redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord Cufford, done to death.

VVar. Ten daies agoe, I drownd those newes in teares, And now to adde more measure to your woes. I come to tell you things fince then befalne. After the blouddie fraie at Wakefield fought, Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe, Tidings as swiftlie as the poalt could run, . . . Was brought me of your losse, and his departure. I, then in London, keeper of the King, Multred my fouldiers, gathered flockes of friends, And verie well appointed as I thought, Marcht to faint Albons t'entercept the Queene, Bearing the King in my behalfe along, For by my scoutes I was aduertised, That the was comming, with a full intent To dash your late decree in parliament, Touching King Harries heires, and your succession. Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met, Our battailes iounde, and both sides fiercelie fought. But whether twas the coldnesse of the King, Who lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene, That robde my fouldiers of their heated ipleene: Or whether twas report of his successe, Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigour, Who thunders to his Captaines bloud and death, I cannot tell: But to conclude with truth, ir 1.2 Their weapons like to lightnings went and came: Our Souldiers like the night Owles lazie flight, Or like an idle thresher with a flaile, Fell gently downe as if they smote their friends, I cheerd them yo with iuflice of the cause, and and With promise of high paie and great rewardes.

C 2

But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Nor ffolke, and my selfe,
In hast, post hast, are come to joyne with you,
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making an other head, to fight againe.

How farre hence is the Duke with his power?

And when came George from Burgundie to England?

War. Some flue miles off the Duke is with his power: But as for your brother, he was lately fent From your kind Aunt, Dutches of Burgundie, With aide of fouldiers gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. T was ods belike when valient Warnicke fled.

Oft haue I heard thy praifes in purfute,

But nere till now, thy feandall of retire.

War. Nor now, my scandall Richard, dost thou heared. For thou shalt knowe that this right hand of mine, Can pluck the Diadem from faint Henries head, And wring the awfull teepter from his fists. Were he as famous and as bold in warre, As he is famde for mildnesse, peace, and praier,

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwicke, blame me not, T was loue I bare thy glories, made me speake. But in this troublous time, whats to be done? Shall we goe throw away our coates of steele? And clad our bodies in black mourning gownes. Numbring our Aucmaries with our beades? Or shall we on the helmets of our foes. Tell our deuotion, with reuengfull armes? It for the last, saie l, and to it Lords.

War, Why therfore Warwicke came to find you out, And therfore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene, With Clifford and the haught Northumberland, And of their feather many mo proud birdes, Haue wrought the case melting King like waxe.

	•			



He sware consent to your succession, His oath inrolled in the Parliament. But now to London all the crew are gone, To frusterate his oath, ot what besides May make against the house of Lancaster. Their power I gelle them fiftie thousand strong Now it the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe, Can but amount to 48.thousand, With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March, Among the louing Weltchmen canst procure, Why via, To London will we march amaine, And once againe bestride our foaming steedes. And once againe crie charge vpon the Foe, But neuer once againe turne back and slie.

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwicke speake: Nere may he liue to see a sunshine day, That cries retire, when Warwicke bids him Ray.

Edw. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane. And when thou faint'it, must Edward fall: Which perill heaven forefend.

VVar. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke, The next degree is Englands royall King: And King of England shalt thou be proclaimde, In euerie Burrough as we passe along: And he that casts not up his cappe for ioy, Shall for th'offence make forfeit of his head. King Edward, valient Richard, Montague, Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne, But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Mcsenger. Mef. The Duke of Norfolke lends you word by me, The Queene is comming with a puissant power, And craues your company for speedy councell. VVar. Why then it forts braue Lords, Lets march away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northren Earles, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Queen. Welcome my Lord, to this braue towne of Torke,
Yonder's the head of that ambitious cuemie
That fought to be impaled with your Crowne.

Doth not the object pleafe your cie my Lorde have to have of

King. Euen as the rocks please them that seare their wracke. Withhold reuenge deare God, its not my fault, and the search of the

Nor wittingly have I infringde my vow

Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie, a partition And harmefull pittic must be laide afide, To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes? Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den. Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke? Not his, that spoyles his young before his face, and any a single Who scapes the lurking Serpentsmonal sling in a mind Not he that fets his foote vpon her backe. at 11 page 1 at 12 The smallest Woorme will turne, being troden ont And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode. Ambitious Yorke did levell at thy Crowne, All Thou finyling, while he knit his angry browes. Hee but a Duke, would have his sonne a King, .... And raise his issue like a louing sire. Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonne, and Didft give consent to disinherite hims and was adone soull at the Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father. Hyperwind and Vnreasonable creatures seed their youngast in old on avy gard as And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, brown and Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not seene them epen with those same wings Which they have sometime vide in fearefull flight, 1734 Make warre with him, that climes voto their nell, Offring their owne liucs, in their younges defence? For shame my Lord, make them your president Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy, Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault? And long hereafter fay unto his childe,

What





What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got.
My carcieffe father, fondly gaue away?
Looke on the Boy, and let his manly face,
Which promifeth fuccesseful fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melang thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford playde the Orator, Inferring arguments of mightie force.
But tell me, didl't thou never yet heare tell, That thinges euill got, had ever bad frecesses.
And happie ever was it for that sonne, Whose tather for his hootding, went to hell? I leave my sonne my vertuous deedes behind, And would my father had lest me no more; For all the rest is helde at such a rate, As askes a thousand times more care to keepe, Then may the present profite countervaile. Ah cosen Torke, would thy best striendes did know, How it doth grieve me, that thy head standes there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmeful pittie makes your followers You promited knighthood to your princely sonne, (faints Vnsheath your sword, and straight do bub him Knight.

Kneele downe Eaward.

King. Edward Plantagener, arise a Knight,
Andlearne this lesson Boy, Draw thy sword in right.
Print. My gratious father, by your kingly leave,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell vie it to the death.
North. Why that is spoken like a roward Prince.

Enter a Mesenger.

Mes. Royall Commaunders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke;
And in the Townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaymes him King, and many slies to him:
Prepare your Battailes, for they be at hand.

Chf. I would your Highnesse would depart the field. The Queene hath best successe when you are absent of

Queen.

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leave vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clifford. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lordes,

Vnsheath your sword, sweete father cry Saint George.

Clif. Pitch we our Battell here, for hence we wil not move

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edw. Now periurd Henry, wilt thou yeeld thy Crownes.

And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?

Quee. Goe rate thy minions proud infulting boy,

Becomes it thee to be thus malepert, Before thy King and lawfull Soueraigne?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bend his knee,

I was adopted heire by his confent.

Georg. Since when, he hath broke his oath, For as we heare, you that are King,
Though he do weare the Crowns

Though he do weare the Crowne,

Haue causde him by new act of Parliament

To blot our brother out, and put his owne sonne in.

Clif. And reason George. Who should succeed the father, but the sonne?

Rich. Are you their butcher? (fort. Cuf. I Crookback, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your

Rich. T was you that kild young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and olde Yorke too, and yet not satisfide.

Rich. For Gods sake Lordes, give synald to the fight.

VVar. What sayst thou Henry? wilt thou yeeld thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongde War. dare you speake?

When you and I met at Saint Albones latt,

Your legges did better service then your handes.

VVar. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tie thine.

Clif. You sayd so much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your vallour Clifford, that drove me thence.

Northum. No, nor your manhood Warwick, that could make you stay.

Rich. Northmberland, Northumberland, we holde thee reucrently. Breake off the parlie, for scarfe I can refraine the

exe-





execution of my big swolne heart, against that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.

Clif. Why, I kild thy Father, call thou him a childe? Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,

As thou didft kill our tender brother Rutland,

But ere Sume set He make thee cursse the deed. (speake,

King. Hatie done with wordes great Lords, and heare me Que en. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,

Iam a King and preuiledgde to speake.

Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,

Cannot be cur'd with wordes, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword,

By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,

That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.

Edw. What faist thou Henrie! shall I have my right or no?

A thousand men haue broke their saft to day,

That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.

War. If thou denie, their blouds be on thy head,

For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.

Prin. If all be right that Warwicke faies is right, There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,

For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Quee, But thou are neither like thy fire nor dam,

But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke, Markt by the destinies to be avoided

As venome Toades, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,

Thy Father beares the title of a King,

As if a channell should be calde the Sea;

Sham'st not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,

To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?

Edw. A wifpe of strawe were worth a thousand crownes, To make that shamelesse Callet know her selfe, Thy husbands Father reueld in the heart of Fraunce,

And tamde the French, and made the Dolphin Stoope:

And had he matcht according to his state,

He

He might have kept that glorie till this day. But when he tooke a begger to his bed, And grac'd thy poore fire with his bridall day: Then that fun-shine bred a showre for him, Which walht his fathers fortunes out of Fraunce, And heapt seditions on his crowne at home. For what hath mou'd thefe tumults but thy pride? Hadlt thou bin meeke, our title yet had flept, And we in pittie of the gentle King,

Had flipt our claime yntill an other age.

George . But when we faw our Sommer brought the gaine, And that the haruest brought vs no encrease, We let the axe to thy viurping roote: And though the edge have somthing hit our selves, Yet know thou, we will never cease to strike, Till we have howen thee downe,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods. Edw. And in this resolution I defie thee, Not willing any longer conference, Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake. Sound trumpets, let our blouddie collours waue, And either victorie, or else a graue.

Queene. Stale Edward, Stale.

Edw. Hence wrangling.woman, Ile no longer staic, Thy words will cost ten thousand lines to day.

Exeunt Ownes.

Alarmes.

Enter VVarwicke.

VVar. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race, I lay me downe a litle while to breath, For firokes received, and many blowes repaide, Hathrobde my strong knit sinewes of their strength, And force per force needes mult I yeeld my felfe. Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heavens, or frike vngentle death, That we may die, vnlesse we gaine the daie. What fatall starre malignant frownes from heaven, Vpon the harmleffe line of Yorkes true house?

Enter George.

George,





Geor. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daiet
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting troopes,
Lest they retire now we have left the field.

War. How now my Lords? what hap, what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah VVarwicke, why hast thou withdrawne thy cles.
Thy noble father in the thick est throngs,
Cride still for Warwicke his thrice valient sonne,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie woundes made in his aged brest:
And as he totering sate vpon his steede,
He wast his hand to me and cried aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valient sonne.
And still he cried, Warwicke reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled of his horse,
And so the noble Salsbarie gaue vp the Ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud, Ile kill my horse because I will not flie: And heere to God of heaven I make a vow, Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field,

Till I am full revenged for his death.

Edw. Lord Warwicke, I doe bende try knees with thine, And in that vow, now ioyne my foule to thee, Thou fetter vp and puller downe of Kinges, Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs, Or let vs die before we loose the day.

Georg. Then let vs haste to cheare the Souldiers harts, And call them pillers that will stand to vs, And highly gromise to remunerate Their trussie service, in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, give me your handes, and let vs part,
And take our leaves, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heaven or in earth.
Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
To see these directions continue so. Warwicke sarewell.

D 2.

War,

VVar. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell. Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one dore, and Clifford at an other.

Rich. A Clifford a Clifford. Clif. A Richard a Richard.

Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke and young Rutlands death, This thirflie fword that longs to drinke thy bloud, Shall loppe thy limbes, and flice thy curfed heart, For to revenge the murthers thou hast made.

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that flabd thy father Torke,
And this the hand that flew thy brother Rusland:
And heer's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that flew thy fire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so have at thee.

Alarmes, they fight, and then enters Warwicke and rescues
Richard, and then Exeunt omnes. Alarmes
Still, and then enter Henrie solus:

And fet some endes to these incessant grieses,

And set some endes to these incessant grieses,

How like a mastlesse ship vpon the Scas,

This wosul battaile doth coutinue still:

Now leaning this way, now to that side drive,

And none doth know to whome the day will fall.

O would my death might stay these cruell iarress

Would I had never raignde, nor nere bin king.

Margret and Clifford, chide me from the field,

Swearing they had best successe when I was thence:

Would God that I were dead, so all were well,

Or would my crowne suffice, I were content,

To yeeld it them and live a private life.

Enter a Souldier with a dead man in his armes.
Soul. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I have flaine in fight to day
May be possessed of some store of Crownes.





And I will fearch to finde them if I can,
But stay t me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I, it is he; whom I have slaine in fight,
From London was I press out by the King,
My father he came on the part of Yorke:
And in this conflict I have slaine my father,
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father for I knew thee nor

Enter an other Souldier with a dead man.

2. Soul. Lie there, thou that foughts with me so stoutly, Now let me see what store of gold thou hast, But stay, me thinkes this is no famous face; Oh no, it is my Sonne that I have staine in fight.

O monstrous times, begetting such events, How cruell, bloodie, and ironious,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget,
Poore boy dry father gave the life to late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone,

King. Woe aboue woe, griefe more then common griefe, Whilft Lions warre, and battaile for their dens, Poore Lambs do feele the rigour of their wraths: The Redrose and the Whight are on his face, The fatall colours of our striuing houses, Wyther one Rose, and let the other flourish: For if you striue, ten thousand lives must perish.

I. Soul How will my Mother for my fathers death,

Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

2. Soul. How will my wife for flaughter of her sonne,

Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misseeme their King? Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

r. Soul. Was cuer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?

2. Soul. Was ever father fo vanaturall his fonce to kill?

King. Was ever King thus greeved and vexed fall?

I Soul. Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place;

For woe is me to fee my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. Soul. Re beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

D3. For

For I have murdred where I should not kills it man live I bank

Exit with his some

K.Hen. Weepe wretched man, lle lay thee teare for teare,
Here sits a King, as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queens. Away my Lord, to Barnicke presently,
The day is lost, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is lest for vs; therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue lest the Fieldt Take horse sweete father, let ve saue our selues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengance come along with hims.
Nay, stand not to expostulate; make haste,
Or else come after, lle away before,
K. Hen. Nay stay good Exeter, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford, wounded with an arrow in his necke. Clif. Heere burnes my candle out, That whilst it lasted, gaue king Henry light. Ah Lancaster, I seare thine ouerthrow, More then my bodyes parting from my soule. My loue and feare, glude many friendes to thee, And now I die, that rough commixture melts. Impairing Henry Arengthened milproud Torke, The common people swarme like sommer Flies: And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunne? And who shines now but Henries enemie? Oh Phabus, hadst thon neuer given consent That Phaeton should checkethy fierie steedes, Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth. And Henry hadft thou liu'd as Kings should doe, And as thy father, and his father did, Giving no foote vnto the house of Torke, I, and ten thousand in this wofull land, Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes: And thou this day hadft kept thy Throne in peace. For what doth cherish Weedes but gentle Aire?

And





And what makes robbers, bold, but lenetie? Bootelesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes: No way to flie, no strength to hold our flight: The foe is mercilefle, and will not pittle me, And at their handes I have deferude no pittie. The aire is got into my bleeding woundes, And much effuse of blood doth make me faint: Come Yorke and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest, I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

> Enter Edward, Richard, and Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward course, And we are graft with wreathes of victorie: Some troupes pursue the bloodie minded Queenc. That now towardes Barwicke doth poste amaine, But thinke you that Clifford is fled away with them? War. No, tis impossible he should escape: For though before his face I speake the wordes, Your brother Richard marks him for the grave, And where so ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifferd grones, and then dyes. Edw. Harke, what foule is this that takes his heavie leave? Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure. Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,

Friend or foe, let him be friendly yled.

Rich. Reverse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford, Who kildour tender brother Rutland.

And stabd our princely Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there, In Itead of that, let his supply the roome. Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring foorth that fatall skritch-Owle to our house, That nothing fung to vs but blood and death, Now his yll boding tongue no more shall speake,

War. I thinke his understanding is bereft.

# The Tragodie of Richard Do af

Say Clifford, do Retion know who speakes to thee factor in A Darke cloudie death oreshades his beames of life : 1000 And he nor fees nor heares vs what we fay a trade a second And tis his pollicio in the time of death, about a feet of a land He might anoydé fuch bitter stormes as he 1303 a la la la In his houre of death did give vnto our father, is the second Geor. Richard, if thou thinkest so, vex him with eger words. Rich, Cufford, aske mercie, and obtaine no grace. Edw. Chfford, repent in bootlesse penitence. War. Clifford, deuise excuses for thy fault. George. Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault. Rich. Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke. . Edw. Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee. Georg. Where's captaine Margaret to fence you now? War. They mocke thee Chfford; weare as thou wast wont. Rich. What not an oath? Nay then, I know hee's dead ... i Tis hard, when Cliff rd cannot foord his friend an oath... By this, I know hee's dead; and by my foule, and the sign Would this right hand buy but an howers life, 2010 1 77 [ That I in all contempt might raile at him ac lde cut it off, and with the issuing blood, Stiffe the villaine, whose instanched thirst, To ke and young Rutland could not fatishe. War. I, but he is dead; off with the traytors head,

Mar. I, but he is dead; off-with the traytors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers standes.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be trowned Englands lawfull King:
From thence shall Warwicke crosse the seast of Fraunce,
And aske the Ladie Bona for thy Queene,
So shalt thou snew both these Landes togithers
And having Fraunce thy friend, thou needly not dread,
The scattered soe, that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurr,
Yet looke to have them busie, to offend thine eares.
First lie see the coronation done,
And afterward He crosse the seast of Fraunce,
To effect this marriage, if it please my Lordon.





Edw. Euen as thou wilt, good Warwicke let it be:
But first before we go, George kneele downe, (sword,
Wee here create thee Duke of Clarence; and girt thee with the
Our younger brother Rubard, Duke of Glocester.
Warwicke as my selfe shall do and vndo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence; George of Glofter:

For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tush, thats a childish observation.

Richard be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,

To see these honors in possession.

Excunt onenes.

Enter two Keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our standes upon this hill,

And by and by the Deere will come this way:

But stay, here comes a man, lets listen him awhile.

Enter King Henrie dissuifde.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,.
And thus disguisde, to greet my native land.
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee Casar now,
No humble sucers sues to thee for right:
For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy selfe?

Keeper. I marry fir, here is a Decre, his skin is a Keepers fue.

Sirra stand close; for as I thinke, this is the King,

King Edward hath deposide.

Hen. My Queene & sonne, poore soules, are gone to France,
And(as I heare) the great commaunding Warwicke,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady Bona:
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine:
For Lewis is a Prince soone wonne with wordes,
And Warwicke is a subtill Orator:
He laughes and sayes, his Edward is instalde.
She weepes, and sayes, her Hemie is deposite:
He on his right hand, asking a wife for Edward;
She on his lest side, crauing ayde for Hemie.

Heeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queenes? Hen. More then I seeme; for lesse I should not be.

E,

A man at least, and more I cannot be, And men may talke of Kings; and why not I?

Keep. I, but thou talkest as if thou wert a King thy selfe.

Hen. Why fo I am in minde, though not in shewe. Keep. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

Hen. My crowne is in my heart, not on myhead.

My crowne is cald Content; a crowne that Kingos do seldme

times enicy.

Keep. And if thou be a King, Crownd with Content, Your crowne content, and you, must be content. To go with vs vnto the officer: for as we thinke, You are our quondam King, K. Edward hath deposde: And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the Kings, To go along with vs vnto the Officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your Kinges name be obayde,

And be you Kinges: commaunde, and He obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Edvvard, Clarence, and Glocester, Montague, Haltings, and the Ladie Gray.

K.Ed. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glecester,
This Ladies husband heere, Sir Richard Gray,
At the battaile of Saint Albones did lose his life,
His landes then were seazed on by the Conqueror:
Her sute is now to reposses the lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of Yorke,
The noble gentleman and did lose his life:
In honour we cannot denie her sute.

Glo. Your Highnesse shall do well to graunt it then.

K. Ed. I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

Glo.1, is the winde in that dore?

Clarence, I see the Ladie hath something to graunt, Before the King will graunt her humble sure.

Cla. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the winde.

K. Ed. Widdow, come some other time to know our mind.

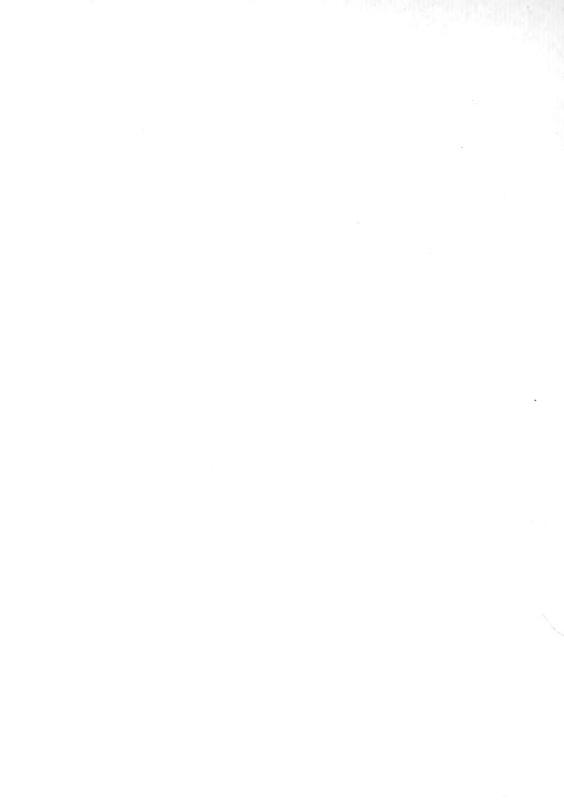
La. May it please your Grace, I cannot brooke delayes,

I beseech your Highnesse to dispatch me now. (wie. K.Ed. Lords give vs leave, we meane to trie this widdows

Ch. I, good leave have you.

Glo.





Glo. For you will have leave, till youth take leave,

And leave you to your crouch.

K.Ed. Come hither widdow: How many Children hast Class thinke he meanes to beg a Child on her. (thou? Gb. Nay whip me then, hee's rather give her two,

La. Three my gratious Lord.

Glo. You shall have source and you will be rulde by him.

K. Ed. Were it not pittie they should lose their Fathers

La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them. (lands?

K.Ed. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got

La.So shall you binde me to your highnesse service. K.Ed. What service wilt thou do me, if I graunt it them?

La. Euen what your Highnesse shall commaund.

Glo. Nay then Widdow lie warrant you all your husbands
If you grount to do what he commaundes. (landes,
Fight close, or in good favth you catch a clap.

Cla. Nay I feare her not, vnlesse she fall.

Glo. Marie gods-forbot man, for heele take vantage then.
La. Why stops my Lord? shall I not know my taske?

K.Ed. An easie taske; tis but to love a King.

La. Thats soone performed, because I am a subiect.

K.Ed. Why then, thy husbands lands I freely gine thee.

La. I take my leaue, with many thousand thankes. Cla. The match is made, she scales it with a curtesie.

K. Ed. Stay Widdow, stay: What love dost thou thinke

I fue fo much to get?

La. My humble service such as Subjectes owes, and the lawes commaundes.

K.Ed. No by my troth, I meane no such loue, But to tell thee the troth, I aime to sie with thee.

La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison. K. Ed. Why then thou canst not get thy husbands lands.

La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower, For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

K.Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

La. Herein your Highnesse wronges both them and mes But mightie Lord, this merrie inclination,

Agrees not with the ladnesse of my sure.

E 2.

Please

Please it your Highnes to dismisse me either with I or no?

K. Ed. Lifthou fay I, to my request: No if thou fay no to my demaund.

La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

Glo. The widdow likes him not, the bens the brow.

Cla. Why, he is the bluntest woer in Christendome.

K, Ed. Her lookes are all repleate with Maiestie.

One way or other she is for a King.

And the shall be my loue, or else my Queene, Saic, that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene?

La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord, I am a subject sit to least withall, But farre vnsit to be a Soueraigne.

K. Ed. Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare,

And that is so enjoy thee for my lone

And that is to enjoy thee for my loue.

La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto; Iknow I am to bad to be your Queene: And yet to good to be your Concubine.

K.Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

La. Your grace would be loth my fonnes should call you
Father.

K.Ed. No more then when my daughters cal thee mother Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some Children, And (by Gods mother) I being but a Batcheler,

Haue other some : why tis a happie thing,

To be the father of manie Children:

Argue no more, for thou shall be my Queene.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

K.Ed. Brothers you muse what talke the widdow and I have had, you wold thinke it ftrange if I should marrie her.

Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom? K Ed. Why Clarence, to my felfe.

Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.

Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lasts,

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.

KEd. Well, ieast on Brothers, I can tell you,

He





Her sute is graunted, for her husbands lauds.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. And it please your grace, Henrie your foe is taken, And brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

KEd. Away with him, and fend him to the Tower:
And lets go queition with the man about his apprehension.
Lords along, and viethis Ladie honourably.

Exemp.

Manet Gloster, and speakes.

Gle. I. Edvard will vie women honourably, Would he were walted, marrow, bones and ail, That from his loynes no issue might succeed, To hinder me from the golden time I looke for: For I am not yet lookt on in the world. First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henrie, And his sonne, and all they looke for issue Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe: A colde premeditation for my purpole, What other pleasure is there in the world beside? I will go clad my body in gay ornaments, And hill my felte within a Ladies lappe. And witch tweet Ladies with my wordes and lookes. Oh monstrous man to harbour such a thought, Why, love did scorne me in my mothers wombe: And for I should not deale in her affaires. She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh, And plast an enuious mountaine on my backe: Where fits deformitie to mocke my bodie. To dry mine arme vp like a withered Shrimpe, To make my legges of an vnequall fize, And am I then a man to be belou'd?

Easter for me to compasse twentie crownes. Tut, I can simile, and murder when I smile: I cry content to that, that greeues me most. I can adde colours to the Camelion.

And for a need, change the pes with Prothems, And let the afpyring Catalin to schoole.

E 3.

Can I doe this, and can not get the Crowne? Tuth, were it ten times higher, lle pull it downe.

Exit.

Enter King Levvis and the Lady Bona, and Queene Murgaret, Prince Edvvard, and Oxford, and others.

Levv. Welcome Q. Margaret to the Court of Fraunce, It fits not Levvis to fit while thou dost stand, Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee, Thou shalt have ay de to repossess thy right, And beate proud Edward from his vsurped seate, And placeking Henry in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie.

And pray the God of heaven, to bleffe thy state,
Great King of Fraunce, that thus regardes our wronges.

Enter Warvvicke.

Lew. How now, Who is this?

Queen. Our Earle of VVarvoick, Edwards chiefest friend.

Lew. Welcome brane Warwick, what brings thee to France?

Was From worthy Edward King of England.

War. From worthy Edward King of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnesse and vnsaigned loue,
First to do greetinges to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amitie:
And lassly, to confirme that amitie,
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt.
That vertuous Lady Bona thy faire sister,
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

Quien. And if this goe forward, all our hope is done.

War. And gratious Madam, in our Kinges behalfe,
I am commaunded, with your love and favour,
Humbly to kiffe your hand, and with my tongue.
To tell the passions of my Soueraignes hard:
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plass thy glorious image and thy Aertues.

Queen. King Liwis and Lady Bona, heare me speake, Before you answere VVarwicke or his wordes, For he it is hath done vs all these wronges.

War





How dares he presume to vie vs thus?

Queen. This producth Edwards lone, & Warwicks honesty.

VVar. King Lewes, I here protest in fight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliffe,

That I am cleare from this misdeede of Edwards.

No more my King, for he dishonours me,

And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let passe the abuse done to my Neece?

Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,

And thrust king Honrie from his native home?

And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?

My gratious Queene, pardon what is past,

And hencefoorth I am thy true seruitour: I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady Bona,

And replant Henrie in his former state.

Queen. Yes VVarwicke I do quite forget thy former faults,

If now thou wilt become king Henries friend:

War. So much his friend; I, his vnfaigned friend,

That if King Lewes vouchfafe to furnish vs

With some few bandes of chosen Souldiers,

Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre.

Tis not his new made Bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last, I firmely am resolu'd,

You shall have ayde:

And English Meffenger returne in post,

And tellfalle Edward, thy supposed King,

That Levves of Fraunce, is sending ouer Maskers,

To reuell it with him and his new Bride,

Bona. Tell him, in hope heele be a Widower shortly,

Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell'him, my mourning weedes be layde afide,

And I am readic to put Armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long,

Ther's thy reward; begone.

Lew.

Lew. But now tell me Warnicke, what assurance

I shall have of thy true loyaltie?

War. Inis thall afture my constant loyaltie, It that our Queeneand this young Prince agree: lie 10 yne mane eldeft Daughter and my ioy, To him forthwish in holy wedlockes bands.

Quee. With all my heart, that match Ilike full well, Loue her Sonne Edward, the is faire and young, And give thy hand to VVarwicke for thy loue.

Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare, To leuie Souldiers for to go with you. And you Lord Burbon, our high Admirall, . Shall wate them tarelie to the English coast, And chale proud Edward from his flumbring traunce, For mocking marriage with the name of Fraunce.

UUm I came from Edward as Emballadour, But I returne his swoorne and mortall foe: Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me, but dreadfull warre shall answare his demaunde. Haghe none elfe romake a stale but me? Then none but I, fhall turne his ieft to forrow: I was the chiefe that railde him to the crowne, And He be chiefe to bring him downe againe, Not that I pittle Henries miferie, But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie.

Exit.

Enter King Edward, the Queene, and Clarence, Glojcer, Montague, Hastings, and Pentrocke, with folders.

Ed. Brothers of Curence, and of Glecester, What dinke you of our marriage with the Ladie Gray?

Cla. My Lord, we thinke as VV armicke and Lewis That are so slacke in judgment, that theyle take no offence at this fuddaine marriage.

K.Ed. Suppose they do; they are but Lewis, and Warwicks, And I am your King and Warnickes, And will be obaied. Glo. And shall, because you are our king, but yet such suddaine marriages seldome proueth well.

Ed





Ed. Yea brother Richard, are you against vs too?

Glo. Not I my Lord: no, God for fend that I should

Once gainelay your highnesse pleasure:

1,& twere a pittie to funder them that yoake fo wel togither.

Ed. Setting your cornes and your dishkes aside, Shew me some reasons why the Lady Gray May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene? Speake freely Clarence, Gloster, Montague, and Hastinges.

Cla. My Lord, then this is my opinion, That Wer wicke being dishonoted in his embassage,

Doth seeke revenge, to quite his injuries.

Olo. And Lewis, in regard of his fifters wronges, Doth ioyne with Warwicks, to supplant your state.

Ed. Suppose that Lewis and Warwicke be appeald,

By such meanes as I can best deuise?

Mont. But yet to have loyned with Fraunce in this Alliance, would more have strengthned this our Common wealth, gainst forraigne stormes; Then any home bred marriage.

Hist. Let England be true within it selfe,

We need not Fraunce nor any alliance with them.

Cla. For this one speache the Lord Hastings well deserues, To have the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford.

Ed. Andwhat then? It was our will it should be so?

Cla. I, and for such a thing too, the Lord Scales
Did well deserve at your handes, to have the
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and lest your
Brothers to goe seeke else where: but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.

Ed. Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,

That thou art mal-content?

Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.

Cla. Nay, you plaide the broker so ill for your selse, That you shall give me leave to make my Choyse as I thinke good: and to that intent, I shortly meane to leave you.

Ed. Leaue me or tarrie, I am fuil refolu'd,

F 2.

Eil

Edward will not be tied to his brothers wills.

Quee My Lords, do me but right, and you must confesse, Before it pleased his highnesse to aduance My state to title of a Queene.

That I was not ignoble in my birth.

Edv. Forbeare my Loue, to fawne vpon their frownes, For thee they must obay, nay shall obay, And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnde from (Fraunce

Enter a Messenger.

Edw. Now firra, What letters, or what newes?

Mes. No letters my Lord; and such newes, as without your Highnesse speciall pardon, I date not relate.

Edvv. We pardon thee; and as necre as thou canst, tell me

What said Lewis to our letters?

Mes. At my departure these were his verie wordes. Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King, That Lewis of Fraunce is sending over Maskers, To reuell it with him and his new bride.

Ed., Is Lewis so branc? belike he thinkes me Henry.
But what saide Lady Bona to these wrongs? (shortly,

Mif. Tell him (quoth she) in hope hee'l proue a widdower

He weare the willow garland for his fake,

Ed. She had the wrong indeed; the could fay little leffer. But what faid Henries Queene? for as I heare the was then in place.

Mel. Tell him (quoth she)my mourning weedes be done:

And I am readie to put armour on.

Ed. Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.

But what said War wicke to these injuries?

Mef He more incensed then the rest my Lord, Tell him (quoth he) that he hath done me wrong, And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, Durst the traitour breath out such proud words?

But I will arme me to preuent the worlt. But what is Warwicke friends with Margaret?

Mes. I my good Lord, they are so linkt in friendshippe, That





That young Prince Edvvard marries VV arvvickes daughter.

Cla. The clder? belike Clarence shall have the younger?

All you that love me, and VV arwicke, tollow me.

Exit Clarence, and Sommerset.

Ed Clarence, and Sommerfet, fled to Warwick.

What fair you brother Richard, will you stand to vs?

Glo. 1, iny Lord, in despight of all that shall with stand you:

For why hath nature made the halt down right,

But that I should be valient and stand to it?

For if I would, I cannot run away.

Ed. Penbrooke, go raise an armie presently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night,
I meane to rest; and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud Warwicke, ere he land
Those stragling troopes, which he hath got in Fraunce:
But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,
You of all the rest are necrest asied
In bloud to Warwick; therfore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me, or not?
Speake trulie, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friendes.

Mon. So God helpe Montague, as he prones true.

Hast. And Hast mgs, as he fauours Edwards cause.

Ed. It shall suffice: come then, lets march away.

Excunt Omnes,

Enter Warwicke, and Oxenford, with Souldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
But see where Sommerset and Clarence comes.
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends.

Cla. Feare not that my Lord.

VVar. Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwicke.
And welcome Sommerfet. I hold it cowardite,
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart:
Hath paund an open hand, in signe of louc.
Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,
Were but a saigned friend to our proceedings:

But

But welcome sweete Clarence, my daughter shalbe thine,
And now what restes but in nightes couerture,
Thy brother being carelessly encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure:
Our Skoutes haue found the aduenture verie easies
Then cry King Henrie, with resolued mindes,
And breake we presently into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our way in silent fort,
For VVarwicke and his striends, God and Saint George.
War. This is his Tent, and see where his guard doth stand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and Edward shall be outs.
All. A VVarwicke, a Warwicke.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. Richard and Hastinges, let them go: here is the Duke. Edw. The Duke, why Warwicke, when we parted last,

thou caldst me King?

When you disgrast me in my Embassage,
Then I disgrast you from being King,
And now am come to create you Duke of Torke.
Alasse how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vie Embassadours,
Nor how to vie your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies.

Ear. Well Warwicke, let Fortune doe her worst,

Edward in minde will beare himselfe a King.

War. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands king,
But Henxie now shall weare the English Crowne.

Goe conney him to our brother Archbyshop of Torke,
And when I have fought with Penbrooke, and his followers,
lle come and tell thee what the Lady Bona sayes:
And so for a while, sarewell good Duke of Torke.

Exeunt some with Edward.





Cla. What followes now, all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to Fraunce,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speede to ioyne with vs.

\*\*OUar.\*\* I, that's the first thing that we have to doe,
And free king Hemie from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne.
Come, let vs haste away, and having past these cares,
Ile post to Torke, and see how Edward sares.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanly.
Glos Lord Hastings, and sir UVilliam Stanly.
Know, that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere;
The Bishop of Yorke befrendes him much,
And less him vie his pleasure in the chase:
Now I have privily sent him word,

How I am come with you to rescue him.

And see where the Huntsman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.

Hunts. This way my Lord the Decreis gone.

Ed. No this way Huntsman, see where the Keepers stand.

Now brother and the rest,

What, are you prouided to depart?

Glo. I, I, the horse standes at the Parke corner,

Come to Linne, and so take shapping into Flaunders.

Ed. Come then: Hastings and Stanlie,

I will requite your loues. By shop farewell,

Sheeld thee from VVarmukes frownest

And pray that I may reposses frownes.

Now Huntsman what will you doe?

Hunts. Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good Goe with you, as tarry heere to be hangde. Ed. Come then, lets away with speede.

Extuni omnes.

Enter the Queene and the Lord Rivers. Rivers. Tell me good Madam, Why is your Grace lo passionate of late?

Queene. Why brother Rivers, heare you not the newes

Of that successe king Edward had of late?

Riu. What losse of some pitcht battaile against Warwicket Tuih, feare not faire Queene, but cast those cares aside, King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth display: And VVarwicke may lose, though then he got the day.

Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:

But greater troubles will (I feare) befall.

Rin. What? is he taken prisoner by the foe, To the danger of his royall person then?

Queen. I, ther's my griefe; King Edward is surprisde,

And led away, as prison vnto Yorke.

Rus. The newes is pessing strange, I must confesse: Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends, Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue; That some will set him in his throne againc.

Queen. God graunt they may but gentle brother come, And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile, Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie, There to preserve the fruite within my wombe, King Edwards feed, true heire to Englands crowne.

Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastinges with atroope of Hollanders.

Ed. Thus farre from Belgia haue we past the seas, And marche from Rounfour hauen vnto Yorke: But soft, the Gates are shut; I like not this. Rich. Sound up the Drumine, and call them to the walles.

Enter the Lord Major of Yorke upon sho Walles. Maior. My Lordes, we had notice of your comming, And thats the cause we stand upon our garde, And thut the Gates, for to preferue the Townes Henrie now is King, and we are Iworne to him. Ed



Ed, Why my Lord Maior, if Henrie be your King, Edward I am fure at least, is Duke of Yorke?

Maior. Trueth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.

Ed. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,

Heele quickly make the body follow after.

Haff. Why my Lord Major, what stand you vpon points?

Open the Gates, we are king Henries friendes.

Maior. Say you fo, then lie open them presently.

Exit Maior.

Ric. By my faith a wife stout Captaine, & some perswaded.

The Maior opens the doore, and bringes the Keyes in his hand.

Ed. So my Lord Maior, these Gates must not be shut, But in the time of Warre: Give me the keyes.

What, feare not man; for Edward will defend the towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter for John Mountgommery with Drumme and Souldiers.

How now Richard, Who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is Sir Iohn Mountgommery,

A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.

Ed. Welcome Sir Iohn, Wherefore come you in armes? Sir Iohn. To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,

As every loyall subject ought to doe.

Ed. Thankes braue Mountgommory, But I onely claime my Dukedome, Vntill it please God to send thee rest.

Sir John. Then fare you well. Drum strike vp and let ys March away: I came to serue a King and not a Duke.

Ed. Nay stay Sir John, and let vs first debate, With what securitie we may doe this thing.

Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating: to be briefe, Except you presently proclaime your selfe our King, Ile hence againe, & keepe them backe that come to succour you: why should we fight, when you pretende no title?

Rielz

Rich. Fie brother, sie, stande you vpon tearmes? Resolute your selfe, and let vs claime the Crowne.

Ed. I am resolude once more to claime the Crowne,

And win it too, or elfe to lofe my life.

Sir Iohn. I now my Soueraigne speakes like himselfe, And now will the Edwards Champion, Sound Trumpets, for Edward shalbe proclaymde.

Edward the fourth by the grace of God, King of England and

Fraunce, and Lord of Ireland;
And whofocuer gainfayes king Edwards right,
By this I challenge him to fingle fight:
Long his Edward the fourth.

. All. Long line Edward the fourth.

To this night weele harboure heer in Torke,
And then as earlie as the morning funne,
Liftes up his beames about this Horison,
Weele march to London, to meete with Warwicke,
And pull falle Henrie from the Regall throne.

Enser Warwicke and Clarence, with the Crowne, and then king Henrie, and Oxford, and Summerfet, and the young Earle of Richmond.

King. Thus from the Prison to this princely seate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe:
Charence and Warnicke do you keepe the Crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will spend the Remnant of my dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my creators prayle.
War. What answeres Charence to his Soueraignes will?
Cla. Charence agrees to what king Hemie likes,
King. My Lord of Sommerset, what prettie Boy is that,
You seeme to be so carefull of?

Sim. And it please your Grace, it is young Henrie,

Earle of Richmond.

King, Henrie of Richmond, Come hither prettie Ladde,

It heavy the powers doe aims aright.

If heavenly powers doe aime aright

To





To my diuining thoughtes, thou prettie boy, Shalt proue this Countries bliffe, Thy head is made to weare a princely Crowne, Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie: Make much of him my Lordes, for this is he, Shal helpe you more, then you are hurt by me.

#### Enter one with a letter to VVarwicke.

War. What counsell Lords? Edward from Belgia, With hastie Germains and blunt Hollanders, Is past in safetie through the narrow seas, And with his troopes do martch amaine towards London, And many giddie people follow him.

Oxf. T is best to looke to this betimes, For if this fire doe kindle any further, It will be hard for ys to quench it out.

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,

Them will I multer vp, and thou some Charence shale
In Eslex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stirre vp the Knights and Gentlemento come with thee,
And thou brother Montague, in Leister shire,
Buckingham and Northampton shire shalt sinde,
Men well inclinde to doo what thou commaunds,
And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lordes, take leave and stand not to repliet
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Heller, my Troyes true hope.

VVar. Farewell sweete Lordes, lets meete at Couentrie.

All. Agreed.

Exeunt Omnes.

G 2.

Enter Edward and his traine, Ed. Sease on the shameful Henrie, And once againe contay him to the Tower,

Away

Away with him, I will not heare him fpeake.
And now towards Couentrie lets bend our course,
To meet with Warvucke, and his confederates.

Excust Omnes.

Enter VVarvoicke on the UValles.

VVar. Where is the post that came from valient Oxford?

How far hence is thy Lord, my honest fellowe?

Ox. Post. By this at Daintrie, marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

Post. I left him at Donsmore, with his troopes.

VVar. Say Sommerfield, where is my loueing sonne?

And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

Som. At Southam my Lord, I left him with his force,

And do expect him two howers hence.

War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward, and his power. Glo. See Brother where the furly Warwicke mans the wall. War. On vabid spight: is spottull Edward come? Where slept our scoutes? or how are they seduc'd? That we could have no newes of their repaire? Ed. Now Warwicke, wilt thou beforie for thy faultes, And call Edward King, and he will pardon thee? War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe, Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downer Call UU arwicke patron, and be penitent, And thou shalt Hill remaine the Duke of Yorke. Glo. I had thought at least he would have said the King, Or did he make the least against his will? War. T was Warmicke, gaue the kingdome to thy brother. Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by O'Varwickes guift. . UVar. I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight, And weakling VV arwicke takes his guift againe, Henrie is my king: UVarwicke his subiect. Ed.) prothee gallant UV arovieke tell me this, What is the bodie, when the head is off?





Gle. Alas that VV arvvicke had no more forefight,
But while he fought to steale the single ten,
The king was finely singred from the docke:
You lest poore Henrie in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one youle meet him in the Tower.
Ed. T is even so, and yet you are ould VV arwicke still,
War. O cheerfull collours: see where Oxford comes?

Enter Oxford voith drum and fouldiers, and all crie Oxford, Oxford, for Lancafter. Exeunt.

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,

Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes.

Glo. No, so some other might set upon our backes,

Wee'l stay till all be entred, and then follow them.

Enter Sommerset with drum and souldiers.

Som Sommerset, Sommerset, for Lancaster.

Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Sommerset,

Haue sould their lives vnto the house of Yorke,

And thou shalt be the third, and my sword hold.

Enter Montague, with drum and souldiers,
Mon Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.

Ed. Traiterous Montague, thou and thy brother,
Shall deerlie abie this rebellious acte.

Enter Clarence, with drum and souldiers,

VVar. And loe where George of Clarence, sweepes along,

Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.

Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.

Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Casar too?

A parlie sirrah to George of Clarence.

Sound a Parlie, and Rishard and Clarence whispers together,

and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his

Hat and throwes it at Warwicke.

War. Come Clarence, come, thou wilt if VVarwicke call,

Cla. Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?

I throw mine infamic at thee,

## The Tragedie of Richard D. of

I wilnot ruinate my fathers house, Who gave his bloud to lime the stones together: And let up Lancaster. Thinkest thou That Clarenec is so harsh vnnaturall, I o lift his sword against his brothers life? And to proud hearted Warwicke I defie thee, And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes: Pardon me Edward, for I have done amisse, And Richard, do not frowne ypon me, For hence forth I will proue no more vnconstant. Ed Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome, Then if thou neuer hadit deserued our hate. Glo. Welcome good Charence, this is brotherly. War. Oh palsing traitour, periurde, and vniult. Ed. Now Warwicke, wilt thou leave the Towne & fight? Or shall we beate the stones about thine eares? War. Why, I am not coopt up heere for defence, I will away to Barnet presently, And bid thee battaile Edward, if thou darelt. Ed. Yes Warwicke, he dares, and leades the way, Lords to the field, faint George and victorie. Exeunt Omness.

.

#### Altrines, and then enter Warwicke, wounded.

And tell me who is victor, Torke, or VVarwicke?

And tell me who is victor, Torke, or VVarwicke?

Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,

That I must veeld my bodie to the earth,

And by my fall the conquest to my foes:

Thus yeeldes the Cedar to the axes edge,

Whose armes gave shelter to the princely Fagle,

Vinder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,

Whose top braunch overpeer'd loves spreading tree:

The wrinckles in my browes, now fild with bloud,

Were likened oft to Kingly sepulchers,

For who liu'd King but I could dig his grave?

And who dust simile, when Waywicke bent his brow?





Loe now my glorie fineerd in dust and bloud, My parkes, my walkes, my mannours that I had, Euen now for lake me, and of all my lands Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford, and Sommer let.

Ox. Ah Warwicke, V arwicke, cheere vp thy selfe and live, For yet thereshope enough to win the day, Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from Fraunce, And at South-hampton landed all her traine, And inightest thou live, then would we never sie.

DVar. Why, then I would not flie, nor haue I now, But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For many woundes received and many moe repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.

Som. Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last, And at the pangs of death I heard him crie, And saie, commend me to my valient brother, And more he would have saide, and more he saide, Which sounded like a clamour in a vaulte, That could not be dissinguisht for the sounde, And so the valiant Montague gave up the ghost.

Ovar. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords, and saue your selues,
For Ovarwicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Oxf. Come noble Summerfet, lets take our Horse,
And cause retraite be sounded through the Campe,
That all our friendes that yet remaine alive,
May be awarn'd, and saue them selves by flight.
That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the fielde.

Example.

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Glofter with fouldurs.

Ed. Thus still our fortune gives vs victories.

And girts our temples With trimphant ioyes.

## The Tragedie of Richard D.

The bigboond Warnicke hath breathde his last.

And heaven this day hath smilde vpon vs. all.

But in this cleere and brightsome day.

Ifee a blacke suspitious cloude appeare.

That will encounter with our glorious sunne.

Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames,

I meane those powers which the Queene hath got in Fraunce,

Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

Glo. Oxford and Sommerfet are fled to her,
And tis likelie if the haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
Ed. We are advertised by our louing friends,
That they do hold their course towardes Tewxburie:
Thither will we, for willing nesser rids way,
And in everie countie 28 we passe along,
Our strengthes shall be augmented. Come, lets goe;
For if we slacke this faire bright Summers daie,
Sharpe Winters showers will marre our hope for haie.
Execute comme

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, & Summerfet, with Drumme & Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome Sommerfet and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our Sailes abroad:
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And VVarvvicke as our maine-Mast overthrowne,
Yet was like Lordes, raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest.
And Ned and I as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous guise,
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friendes.
Trince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timerous or fearefull man,

Amongst vs a timerous or searefull man, Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne, Least he in time of need intise another, And so withdraw the Souldiers harts from vs.

Iwill





I will not stand aloose and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest throngs,
And single Edward from his strongest guarde:
And hand to hand, enforce him for to yeelde,
Or leave my bodie as witnesse of my thoughtes.

Ox. Women and Children of so high resolue?
And warriours faint, why twere perpetuals shame:
Oh braue young prince, thy noble Grandfather
Doth line againe in thee: long mayest thou line,
To beare his Image, and to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight, Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day,

Be hist and wondred at, if he arise.

. Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mightie power.

Is marching hitherwards to fight with you:

Ow. I thought it was his pollicie to take vs unprouided, but heere will we stand, and fight it to the death.

Enter king Edward, Cla. Glo. Hast. and fouldiers. Ed. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood, Which by gods assistance and your prowesse, Shall with our swordes ere night, be cleane cut downe.

Quee. Lords, Knightes, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaintay: for as you see, I drinke
The water of mine cies. Then no more but this,
Henris your king is prisoner in the Tower,
His land and all our friends are quite distrest,
And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this.
Then on Gods name, Lords together crie, Saint George.

All Saint George for Lancaster.

Alarmes to the Battaile, Yorke flies, then the Chambers be diftharaged. Then enter the King, Cla. Glo and the rest, and make a great shout, and crie; For Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, the Trince, Oxfording.

Sum. & then sound & enter all agains.

H.

# The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Ed.Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles, Away with Oxford, to Hames Castle straight, For Summerses, off with his guiltie head: Away, I will not heare them speake.

Ox. For my part lie not trouble thee with wordes.

Exit Ox'ord.

Som. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.

Exit Sommerset

Ed Now Eaward, what fatisfaction canst thou make,

For flirring vy my subsects to rebellion?

Prince. Speake like a fubicet, proud ambitious Yorke, Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth, Refigne thy chaire: and where I stand, kneele thou, Whilest I propose the selfe same woords to thee, Which trainour thou wouldst have me answere to.

Quee. Oh that thy father had bin fo retolu'd.

Glo. That you might fill have kept your petticoate,
And nore have foline the breech from Lancafter.

Trince. Let Afop fable in a winters night,

His currish Riddies forces not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat He plague you for that word.

Quee. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods sake take away this captine scold.

Prince. Nay take a way this scolding Crooksbackerather.

Ed. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue. ...
Cla. V ntutered Lad, thou art to malapert.

Prince. I know my dutic, you are all vndutifull, Laiciuious Edward, and thou perior'd George, And thou mithapen Dicke, I tell you all, I am your better, traitours as you be.

Ed. Take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.

Quee.Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marrie and shall.

Ed Hold Richard, hold, for we have done to much alrea

Clo Why should be live to fill the worlds with worlds

Glo. Why should she live to fill the worlde with words. Ed. What doth she swound? make meanes for her recove-Glo. Curence, excuse me to the King my brother, (rie.

I must to London, on a serious matter,

Erc





Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cla. About what, prethee tell me?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, lie roote them out.

Exit Glosters.

Queene. Ah Ned, speake to thy Mother boy,
Ah thou canst not speake,
Traitours, Tyrants, blouddie Homicides:
They that stabd Cesar shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe;
And men nere spend their furie on a childe;
Whats worse then tirant, that I may name?
You have no children Deuells, if you had,
The thought of them, would then have stopt your rage:
But if you ever hope to have a sonne,
Looke in his youth to have him so cut off,
As traitours you have done this sweet young Prince.

Ed. Away, and beare her hence, Quee. Nay, nere beare me hence, dispatch me here, Heere sheath thy sword, He pardon thee my death.

Wilt thou not?

Then Clarence, do thou do it,

Cla. By heaven I would not do thee so much ease.

Quee. Good Clarence do, sweet Clarence kill me too.

Cla. Didst not thou heare me sweare I would not do it?

Quee. I, but thou wiest to for sweare thy selse.

Twas sinne before, but now its charme.

Wheres the Divells butcher? hard savourd Rechard,

Ruchard where art thou?

He is not heere, Murder is his almes deed,

Petitioners forbloud, he nere put backe.

Ed. Away I saie, and take her hence pet force.

Over So come to iven and yours asset this prince.

Quee. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

Edw. Clarence, whithers Gluster gone?
Cla. Martie my Lord to London, as I gesse,
To make a bloudie su pper in the Tower.
Ed. He is suddaine, if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common Souldiers with pay,

And

### The Tragedie of Richard D.of

And thankes, and now let vs towardes London,
To tee our gentle Queene how the poth fare,
For by this (Thope) the hath a Sonne for vs.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Gloster to King Henrie in the Tower. Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your Booke fo hard? Hen, I my good Lord. Lord I should say, rather; T is finne to flatter, good was little better, Good Gloler, and good Diuell, were all alike. What icene of Death hath Rosins now to act? Glo. Sulpition alwayes hauntes a guiltie minde. Hen. The birde once limde, doth feare the fatall bush, And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde, Haue now the fatall object in mine eye, Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kilde. Glo. Way what a foole was that of Creete? That taught his sonne the effice of a Birde, And yestor all that the poore Fowle was drowne. Hen. I Dedalus, my poore fonne Icarus, Thy father Minos, that denide our courle, Thy brother Edward, the Sunne that fearde his winges, And thou the envious Gulfe that swallowed him. Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers poynt, Then can mine cares that tragike hiltoric. Glo. Why, doft thou thinke I am an executioner? Fien. A perfecuter I am fure thou att: And if inurdening Innocentes be executions, Then I know thou art an executioner. Gle. Thy lonne I kilde for his prefumption. Hen. Hadft thou bin kilde when first theu didst presume; Thou hadst not liude to k ll a sonne of mine: And thus I prophesic of thee; That many a Widdow for her Husbands death,

And many an Infants water standing eye,

Shall curfe the time that ener thou wert borne.
The Owle thrike at thy birth; an evill figne,

Widdowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers,

The





The night-Crow cride, aboding luckleffe tune. Dogges houlde, and hidious tempeftes shooke downe trees, The Rauen rookt her on the Chimines top, And chattering Pies in difinall discord fung, Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine, And yet brought foorth leffe then a mothers hope: To wit, an undigest created lumpe, Not like the fruite of fuch a goodly tree; Teeth hadit thou in thy head when thou wast boine, To fignific thou caintt to bite the worlde: And it the rest be true that I have heard, Thou camilt into the world He stabs him:

Glo. Die Prophet in thy speach, lle heare no more,

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordainde.

Hen. I and for much more flughter after this.

O God forgine my finnes, and pardon thee. He dies.

Glo. What? will the alpyring blood of Lancafter Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted See how my fword-weepes for the poore Kings death, Now may fuch purple teares be alwayes shed, For such as seeke the downefall of our house. If any sparke of life remaine in thee,

Stabbe bun againe.

Downe, downe to hell, and fay I fent thee thither. I that have neither pittie, love, nor feare: Indeed twas true that Henrie tolde me of, For I have often heard my mother fay, That I came into the worlde with my legges forward: And had I not reason thinks you to make halfe, And feeke their ruines that vforpt our rights? The women wept, and the Midwife cride, O lefus bleffe vs, he is borne with reeth. And so I was indeed: which plainely fignifide, That I should snarle and bite, and play the dogge. Then fince Heaven hath made my body fo, Let Hell make crookf thy hinde, to answere it. I had no father; I am like no father. I have no brother; I am like no brothers.

And this word Love, which gray beardes tearme divine,
Be refident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am my felfe alone.

Chirence bewate, thou keptst me from the light:
But I will fort a pitchie day for thee.

For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As Edward shall be searefull of his life:
And then to purge his seare, lie be thy death.

Henrie and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,
And by one and one, I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selse but bad, till I be best.

Ile dragge thy body in another roome,
And triumph Henry in thy day of doome.

Exis.

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, and Hassinges, and others.

Edw. Once more we fit in Englandes royall throne, Repurchasde with the blood of enemies, What valiant foe-men like to Autumes corne. Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride? Three Dukes of Summer fet, three folde renowmd, For hardie and undoubted champions. Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne: And two Worthumberlandstwo brauer men Nere spord their coursers at the trumpets sound. With them the two rough Beares, Warwicke & Montague. That in their chaines fettered the kingly Lion, And made the forrest tremble w'en they roard: Thus have we swept suspition from our seate, And made our footestoole of securitie. Come hither Bese, and let me kisse my Boy, Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my felfe, Haue in our Armours watcht the Winters night, Martcht all a foote in Summers scalding heat,

That





That thou mightst repossesses the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Glo. lle blast his haruest and your head were layde,
For yet 1 am not lookt on in the worlde.
This Shoulder was ordained so thicke, to heave,
And heave it shall some waight, or breake my backe:
Worke thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely Queene,
And kule your Princely Nephew, brothers both.

Cla. The duetic that I owe vnto your Maieslie, I feale vpon the rosiate lippes of this sweete Babe.

Queen. Thankes noble Clarence, worthy brother thankes.

Glo. And that I love the fruite from whence thou sprangs?

Witnesse the louing kisse I give the childe.

To say the trueth, so Iudas kiss his Maisser:

And so he cride, All haile; and meant all harne.

Edward. Now am I feated as my foule delightes, Hauing my Countries peace, and brothers loues.

Clas What will your Grace hour done with Margaret? Ranard her tather to the king of Fraunce, Hath paund the Cysels and Ierusalem, And hither have they sent utfor her ransome.

Edw. Away with her, and wast her hence to Fraunce. And now what restes, but that we spend the time, With stately triumphes, and mirthfull comicke shewes, Such as besites the pleasures of the Court, Sound Drummes and Trumpets: farewell to sower annoy, For here I hope, begins our lasting joy.

Excunt omnes

FINIS.

































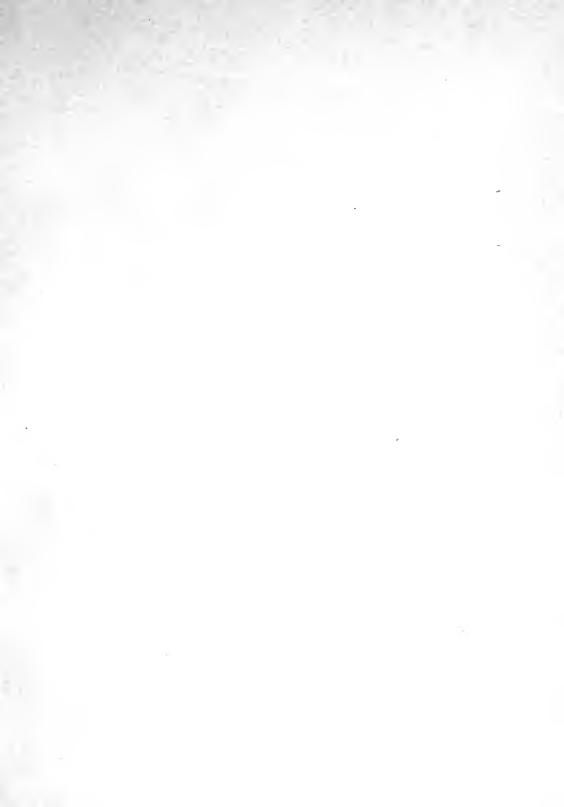














PR 2750 B16 1600a Shakespeare, William,
The true tragedy of Richard,
Duke of York

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

